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Poems

There is nothing luminous
About the moon tonight.
It rides high and cold
Like a small, pallid eye
Over which the lid droops
Listlessly.



Tired. Tired.
Sleep
Is but chaining
Exhausted consciousness.
Waking,
The breaking through
Of straining doors by griefs.
Living,
Battering away
The crushing, pounding days.



To——

So long
Have I fought an herioc battle
Against losing you
That the battle
Has become the thing I love;
And you, identified
With the foe.
Victory would crush you,
I want not a captive!
Go!

PEGGY ANN WILLIAMS.

Eugene O'Neill: A Solitary Dreamer

By HELEN SHUFORD

"You're not weak. You were born with ghosts in your eyes—and you're brave enough to go looking into your own dark—and you got afraid."*

IN THE early months of the year 1916 there appeared in the artists colony in Provincetown, Mass., a tall young man with sensitive dreamy eyes and a head of tossed black hair. His face was that of a gay, wayward boy, sometimes tortured with groping introspections. His sole possessions were one suit of clothes and a trunkful of manuscripts, but he was rich in the ardor of a young playwright.

The artists colony at Provincetown could not realize that this sensitive boy-man of twenty-six was destined to grope and struggle upward in his effort to solve the problems of a relentless, mocking Fate; to express humanity's hunger for beauty in a materialistic world; to disregard all set rules and formulas of previous drama in evolving a technique of his own; to reach down and lift upward with the power of his mind, the tension of his spirit, the superb irony of his sympathy, the lyric intenseness of his poetry, the depth of his feeling, the skillful touch of an artist-brush, himself and all American drama to its place in the sun. For the boy was—Eugene O'Neill.

In order to view sympathetically the man of today, we must turn time backward and consider the boy O'Neill of yesterday who so quietly and surely slipped into his niche in the world of the theatre. Only a few biographical facts are needed; O'Neill himself says, "You may be important, but your life's not. There is millions of it born every second. Life can cost too much for even a sucker to afford it—like everything else. And it's not sacred—only the you inside is. The rest is earth."* Therefore, we must be concerned not with the events of O'Neill's life, but with the man himself and his personality expressed in his plays.

O'Neill was born in 1888 in Times Square, the center of New York's theatrical world, of Celtic parentage—an actor father and a musician mother. Thus was he heir to a double inheritance of emotional sensitiveness and love for music, both so essential to an artistic

**Great God Brown.*

nature. He was reared among stage people, traveling with his father's company until he was eight. He was then sent to various boarding schools and eventually entered Princeton with the class of 1910. The disastrous effects of a college education on the mind of a genius, however, were not destined to affect O'Neill, for he was suspended near the close of his freshman year as the outcome of a boyish prank.

The authorities were willing to take him back, but the call of the unusual, the different, was clamoring to the lad, and he became in turn a gold prospector to Honduras, a roughneck on a Norwegian barque, roustabout of the Buenos Aires waterfront, bunkmate of outcasts, stoker on a barge to South Africa. From South Africa he sailed to England and found his way back to America. Home again, he lived for awhile at "Johnny, the Priest's," a waterfront dive. The impression of this wild, varied, sea life sank deep into the soul of the boy and became mirrored forever in his mind. One critic in speaking of O'Neill's sea life says:

"The sea-part of his experience bit into O'Neill, and when you meet his sailors, you understand why they have shouldered out all weaker characters from their creator's stage. To him (you feel) the office, the theatre, the university, have proved but the reflection of life. In his plays he goes straight to life as he has known it—to the nervous energy of men in vital action, to the hard-breathing, jostling throng, to the rough ways of the sea. The sea calls to him, and he answers it, insisting always on sailing as a realistic profession, not as an abstract and romantic idea."

Here is the life-long sailor's testimony from the play, *Bound East For Cardiff*:

"Yank: 'This sailor life ain't much to cry about leavin'—just one ship after another, hard work, small pay, and bum grub—and when we git into port just a drink endin' up in a fight, and all your money gone, and then ship away again. Never meetin' no nice people; never gittin' out a sailor town, travelin' all over the world and never seein' none of it, without no one to care whether you're alive or dead.' "

Thus throughout the author's play do we find him destroying the romantic illusions concerning sea life.

O'Neill was ever a puzzle to his father, and the elder O'Neill, deciding that Eugene must settle down, secured a journalistic position for him, where he first started his literary training. Hard work brought on a nervous breakdown, and the doctors discovered tuberculosis to which he had been exposed at "Johnny, the Priest's". Eugene was sent to a sanatorium where, during six months of enforced idleness, he did much reflective thinking and wrote several short plays which were later published by his father. The best known of these is *The Straw*.

Released from the sanatorium, O'Neill decided to make play-writing his life work and, on the advice from a friend, made up his mind to enter Professor Baker's famous English 47 class at Harvard. Much persuasion was necessary to win his father's permission, because the elder O'Neill was not willing to squander his money as he had before on Princeton. Eugene finally gained his consent and entered Harvard. Here he remained for a year, and Dr. Baker said that he had never had a student work with such vim and perseverance. Leaving Harvard, his only hope lay in interesting some Little Theatre group in the production of his one-act plays. With this hope in mind the author arrived at the artist colony in Provincetown.

Here he met other amateurs who had ambitions similar to his own, and they soon organized the Provincetown players, and gave performances on an abandoned wharf. Their productions were so successful that in the winter of 1916 they came to New York to give their plays in a barn down in Greenwich Village. People began to drift down to the barn on MacDougal Street as a lark. People who make a profession of knowing what is going on in New York discovered that O'Neill's one-act plays were astonishingly good, and began to talk about them. Some even ventured to predict the future power of the playwright.

Frank Shay published a short play of O'Neill's, *Before Breakfast*, in 1916, and it attracted the attention of H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. These two, like vultures, pounced upon the unsuspecting prey and tore his work to shreds. O'Neill resented their criticism and offered to write other plays for their consideration. This he did, and, wonder of wonders, in the course of time Mencken and Nathan became and still are his staunchest friends and enthus-

iastic critics, publishing his plays, first in the *Smart Set* and then in the *American Mercury*. They have always tended to raise O'Neill in the eyes of the public. The fact that these two wholeheartedly approved of a person would give great impetus to even lesser satellites than Eugene O'Neill.

Small wonder, then, with the backing of critics like Mencken and Nathan, and the approval of New York's theatre-going public, that O'Neill had little difficulty in securing commercial managers to read his full length plays when he was ready to write them.

Eugene O'Neill fortunately came into our theatre at an opportune moment, for the public had been trained to appreciation of native drama; colleges were discussing and encouraging creative talent; experimental theatre groups gave amateurs a hearing. George Jean Nathan says in the *House of Satan*: "O'Neill has a lot to answer for. Before he came upon the scene most of our younger playwrights were content simply to write bad plays and let it go at that. But no sooner did he appear than most of them began to write good plays like he was writing and to turn out even worse ones than they had turned out before. For the only things they had in common were cuss words."

American people have adopted O'Neill with all his restless experimentation in new forms and experiences. His fearless truth to life, dramatic imagination, and poetic speech merge to create true drama and significant literature. His rebellion takes two forms: rebellion against the ironic materialism of the world, and against the rigid formulas of the conventional theatre. His popularity lies perhaps in America's eager acceptance of the untried, the lure of his backgrounds, the spell of his personal problems. Nevertheless, he is a dramatist who avoids the beaten paths and sets up a creed of his own, a dramatist who never goes to see his own or other playwrights' works. He has established his position and become an American superstition.

In a short paper it is not possible to discuss any great majority of O'Neill's plays in detail. Therefore I shall consider only those which illustrate the evolution of the author's own turmoil and emotional necessities. "I see Gene," said one of his friends, "in each new play that marks a turning point, surrounded by a crowd of

O'Neills who represent the skins and personalities he has shed."

Stark Young says that even when he is not touched by the feeling or the idea presented in O'Neill's plays, he is struck by the fact that the feeling is important to the author and is the result of his individual need for expression. This impulse endears O'Neill to the public and makes them defend him although the sentiment should turn out false.

The play which first drew an amusement-seeking public to a barn in the Village, and made the critics aware of a new dramatic personality, was *Bound East For Cardiff*, a drama of the sea, and strong rough outcasts as O'Neill had known them in his boyhood days. It depicts a vivid picture of the death of a tough sailor, Yank. Yank is leaving the sea with no regrets, for it has brought him nothing, even taken away life. The play is the tragedy of life, of human souls struggling vainly to obtain some of good from existence. Despite their efforts, they are helpless victims of circumstance. We see many of the embryo characteristics of the full grown O'Neill. There is realism tempered with delineation, which departs from stark, bare details and presents intensity of characterization; this the critics term "expressionism." There is pathos taking the form of ironic pity — pity for the dying man, pity for his friend who is deeply moved and yet prevented from showing his grief because of his individual hardness. O'Neill presents a moral; teaches no sermon. He merely gives us a view of life against a background of the sea presented always with its veil of romantic illusion torn away to reveal the tragedy of actuality.

Following the success of *Bound East For Cardiff*, came the publication and subsequent production of *The Moon of the Caribbees and Six Other Plays*, including *The Long Voyage Home*, *In the Zone*, *Ile*, and *The Rope*. With two exceptions these are a further development of sailor characters. *The Moon of the Caribbees* is the most outstanding and marked a turning point in American drama. It is a nocturne of glamour and irony. In the forecastle of a ship there gathers a motley group, tag-ends of humanity swept together by Fate. The author shows these men to be derelicts of civilization with an insight which reveals their frailties as their boat floats under the spell of the tropical moon, and brooding music drifts from the shore. There is

no effort to present a story; the characters weave themselves into the fabric, presenting a mood of "the summer sea, the intoxications of sound, and smells and rhythms." And Smitty has "memories when he hears music"—memories to stand out in contrast against the sordidness of drunken orgy.

In 1920 O'Neill won the Pulitzer prize with his first full length play, *Beyond the Horizon*. Many critics consider this his finest work. It is the tale of two farmer brothers. Robert hates the farm; he is a dreamer and longs for the worlds which lie beyond his horizon. The sea is his dream of a freer world. Andrew is the stronger brother. Both love the same girl. Robert wins her, and settles down on the farm; Andrew goes to sea. Robert dies, still dreaming of other lands; the girl's emotions are wasted, and Andy returns—cunning, shrewd, indifferent. Tragedy came to the dreamer; there is pity for the realist.

In 1922 O'Neill again won the Pulitzer prize with *Anna Christie*, the story of a prostitute made clean in the fog of the sea.

Following *Anna Christie* came the unconventional *Emperor Jones*. I say unconventional because it is composed of eight short scenes and has only two main characters. Many instrumentalities of the theatre, the reverberating murmur of the drums, the flashing phantoms of Jones' former life, the Little Formless Fears effectively bring out the hidden traits of the primitive man. The plot tells of a former Pullman porter who makes himself king on a tropical isle and is forced to abdicate and flee when his subjects realize that he has cheated them of their money. It is a treatment of the pathetic picture of the struggling black man caught in the maelstrom of a white civilization, overcome finally by fear, man's prime emotion. It is fear that causes Jones to secure the silver bullet; fear that finally delivers Jones to the hands of his enemies—nameless fears and the beating of a tom-tom. Jones learned "bluff and doublecross" from a white civilization, and lost his life after putting them in practice.

Emperor Jones was followed by *The Hairy Ape*, another play of eight scenes. It is a long study of the Yank type of seaman, a symbolical play contrasting capital and labor, showing the useless striving of Yank, "the hairy ape", against unconquerable Fate. Yank's illusion is that he and his fellow-stokers are the motive force in the

world. This is a blind appeal, but disconcertingly near the truth at times. The irony lies in the fact that Yank's struggles are always frustrated; he can make no headway in his attempt to change the systems of the universe, despite the fact that he and his kind are behind all the movement of the world. In the end Yank realizes that his class can not rise above the barrier of social class distinctions. They can realize their position, but are held prisoners within the steel bars of their power.

Although Emperor Jones is bound by the chains of hereditary traits and the catchwords of modern civilization, and Yank is a prisoner in a cage of steel, escaping from one cage only to encounter another, the playwright in the production of these two plays departed from the formula of the theatre to wander in the solitariness of his own thinking — always daring to think alone. His technique is unhampered by what has gone before, and each of his plays, representing personal problems, is independent of the others.

In tracing the development of O'Neill's individuality, we see glimpses of his ability to create myths or symbols, as in his *Emperor Jones* and *The Hairy Ape*. His desire for poetic beauty is also apparent. These are two of his truest characteristics and may be found in nearly all of his plays.

O'Neill is interested in the black man, and in two plays, *The Dreamy Kid* and *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, deals with relationship between white and black. In the latter play he discusses miscegenation, turning the spotlight of his mind on the negro's problem which always represents the burden of civilization falling on a downtrodden race striving upward.

In 1923 O'Neill produced *The Fountain*, a play unlike any of his other works in that melancholy was lacking in his story of a symbolical quest for everlasting youth. The substance is true poetry:

"Love is a flower
Forever blooming;
Beauty is a fountain
Forever flowing.

.
God is a flower forever blooming
God is a fountain forever flowing."

The psychology of New England character aroused O'Neill and he wrote *Desire Under the Elms*, a story of emotionally starved men and women overcome by a powerful passion. It is stark, naked, unlovely tragedy tinged with realism.

Then came O'Neill's longed for play, *The Great God Brown*, which the critics have never understood, which O'Neill himself does not understand, and if he did he would have solved the riddle of life. By some subtlety he penetrated the secret places and saw the soul of man in conflict and gave us a symbolic representation of human psychology.

For the purpose of better representing the inner workings of his characters' minds, he revived the use of masques to represent the faces that men show the world, while underneath the masque are their real selves. The characters represent love and life — Dion, a combination of St. Anthony and Dionysus; William Brown, the man without a vital spark of life; Margaret, Madonna, girl, wife, mother; Cybel, goddess of earth and divine harlot. Dion, the dreamer, kills himself and leaves Brown a spark of life which ultimately results in his death, but before he dies discovers that

"Blessed are they that weep, for they shall laugh!"

In 1928 the Theater Guild adopted O'Neill's plays and began to produce them. This was a conspicuous event which should have happened before. Their first production was *Marco Millions*, an ironic satire on the ready-made Babbitt-like Rotarian in the person of the old Italian explorer, Marco Polo. Throughout ten scenes this organizing, greedy hero shows the contrast between Western money-grubbing and Eastern wisdom, between materialism and idealism — the dollar and the dream.

The second offering of the Guild was *Strange Interlude*. This play is an effort on the part of the playwright to combine the depths of a novel with the dramatic intensity of situations on the stage. O'Neill reverted again to the use of the old asides or soliloquies to show his audience not only what his characters outwardly do and outwardly say, but what the inward workings of their minds are as influenced by the currents of their lives. Besides this unconventionality, the play lasted from five in the afternoon until eleven at night with a recess for supper. It is the longest play ever successfully produced on Broadway. The story tells of the three loves of

Nina Leeds, lover, husband, father-friend. She is frustrated in her lifelong search for happiness, and absorbs into herself these three men of hers.

Strange Interlude cannot possibly be talked over, for one cannot thus feel the emotional struggles of the characters who so vividly make us feel this great drama of life, concerning which Nina says:

"Strange interlude! Yes, our lives are merely strange dark interludes in the electrical display of God the Father!"

In this as in no other one of his plays O'Neill has come nearer to the peace for which he is groping, for the answer to his riddle. While the poet-dramatist turns his mind on his imminent personal problems, the public awaits eagerly the outcome, enthralled for eight hours, viewing in this short space of time the development of four characters from youth to weakened emotions of age. Says a critic: "He is serious, striving and intelligent, often clumsy and thick-voiced. He wants room in the theatre; he would like to go deep into life, and go with beauty. These qualities constitute his stock and make his vogue."

In April, 1928, the world premiere of a new play, *Lazarus Laughed*, was held at Pasadena, Cal. The production was a tremendous undertaking, calling for four hundred costumes and three hundred masques. It is based on the verse in Psalm II: "He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh." It tells of Lazarus, raised from the dead, who returns to Heaven and laughs as the play is brought to a close. The dramatic action is bound to a musical score that intensifies the moods and adds greatly to the effect of production. This combination of the intellectual ardor of a playwright and the musical depth of a composer is thought by some perhaps to be America's contribution to opera.

O'Neill's latest contribution to the drama is *Dynamo*, the first of a trilogy, wherefore critical judgment cannot be expressed in entirety until the coming of the other two. Yet in the opinion of the critics he has made a bad beginning. Mr. O'Neill says the aim of the play is: "to dig at the roots of the sickness of today as I feel it—the death of the old God and the failure of science and materialism to give any satisfying new one for the surviving religious instinct."

The playwright has reduced the question to simple terms, a clash between fundamentalism and atheism. The son of a minister loves

an atheist's daughter. Driven by fear, he leaves home to find a god before whom he will not have to cower. He comes back bringing a faith in electricity as the great life force with the hydro-electric dynamo as a huge, black, squat idol. In the end he gives his earthly love to the deity and then throws himself to his god to be given back lifeless, the electric current sweeping through his body. The superb irony comes when the boy who has freed himself from the creeds of fundamentalism prays in the old formula: "O, Dynamo, god of electricity, which gives life to all things, hear my prayer! Receive me into the great current of your Eternal Life! Grant me the miracle of your love!" But the dynamo is deaf, and O'Neill begs the audience to decide for him whether or not the boy is just beginning to love, or is in reality lifeless.

The critics are greatly divided in their opinions of the production. St. John Ervine calls it "Greenwich Village sentimental cynicism." Kenneth MacGowan says: "In essence it is a clearing of the ground for the erection of other structures."

The critics have been divided in their opinions of O'Neill before. They have often struck at his confusion in the theatre. It is left to George Jean Nathan to give the most stinging lash. In reviewing *Dynamo* in the March issue of the American Mercury he says: "When Mr. O'Neill feels, he produces something very fine, very moving and beautiful. But when he gives himself over to science and philosophy he would seem to be lost." He calls *Dynamo* "this amateurish, strident concoction."

Thus we bring the story of our boy-man to a close. It is a far cry from the O'Neill of yesterday to the man of today. Today the man goes deeper, ever deeper into the problems which torture the human soul — held back, fettered perhaps by the confines of his own existence, confused still by an overwhelming Fate — still walking a solitary path — ever dreaming, ever experimenting with the new. Who knows but what his best work lies before him, for he has just reached the age of forty, and he is backed by the great American public, sympathetic in our modern age to one whose creed is

"I am living a dream within the great dream of the tide.
. . . breathing in the tide, I dream and breathe back my dream
into the tide . . ."

Winter Piece

There is a little path winds thru the pine trees,
Sun-dappled once, now dark and damply chill.
No creature stirs among the bordering thickets,
No bird song breaks the silence; all is still.

At dusk or dawn, a leaden sky, low hanging
Presses the tree tops, nor can morrow bring
Light or a little warmth or peace returning
To one who dares not now remember spring.

O lonely heart, deep-brooding in the pine trees,
Know this; if you can follow to the end,
There never was a path wound thru the shadows
But led at last to solace and a friend.

JEAN LOUISE HEWITT.



To Thomas Chatterton

Unhappy youth! You too so young, so sad.
Why was it thus? Were you, chance, ever glad?
Your Gothic Church — Saint Mary Redcliff old!
Your battered parchment, wait with blood and sold
For nothing! Priest and knight and mayor, too!
You loved them so; did they, in turn, love you?
And London town — you thought 'twould be so fair.
You journeyed thence, you with your poems rare.
Precocious child, too thick the fog, in truth,
For men to see your soul. Unhappy youth!

CECILE LINDAU.

Love Comes to Marya

By EDITH E. HARBOUR

MARYA was a wild young soul with queer ideas about love. She was a gipsy. At least, Stembidge folk said she was a gipsy, and who is there to deny the truth of statements made by those good people? Sam Mueller had found Marya in a field of broomsage one cool fall day when he was out hunting. She was crying plaintively. Abandoning his thoughts of roast duck, Sam picked the child up and carried her to Granny Tetlow's, her house being nearer than those of her fellow-citizens. Granny, kind person that she was, took the child in, fed her porridge and milk, and put her to bed.

At first they thought Marya was a little child lost. Later, they became convinced that she had been abandoned by a band of gipsies who had encamped outside the village two nights before Marya was found. Granny Tetlow remembered seeing the light of their camp fires; other people had heard faint music. Marya spoke a strange, jumbled language, interspersed with a few words of English. She knew her name was Marya. Other questions she could not answer.

Granny kept the child. By the time she was six years old, Marya gave proof of being temperamental. Granny tried to call her Mary, but she paid no heed. Visitors called her Maria once, but only once. She stamped her small foot and shouted that her name was MARY-YA. The simple-minded German-Americans did not understand her. Whenever they saw Marya approaching, they called their own stocky daughters into the house; they were afraid she would cast a spell upon them.

Marya's first love affair was with little Johnny Phoell, the grocer's boy. They were in the same grade at the village school. Johnny had a peculiar whistle. Marya heard him whistling one night, and she slipped out of the door to meet him. They sat under the lilac bush in the corner of the yard and held hands. Marya was in love. They repeated the performance until one evening Johnny's mother found them there and carried her son off by his ear. Thereafter Marya had a reputation somewhat questionable.

Marya clung to her memories for several days after the trysting place under the lilac bush had been discovered. Love, she decided was a red, red rose, beautiful on top, but having thorns below its petals.

Marya's beauty increased with the years. Her olive-tinged complexion and her black hair contrasted strangely with the blondness of the young people of Stembridge. At fourteen she was the acknowledged beauty of the community.

Marya passed Phoell's grocery on her way home from school. One day a handsome drummer was using his powers of persuasion on fat old Mr. Phoell. He saw Marya. She smiled. He followed her. Down the lane they went, he several paces behind her. Marya, fearful of what Granny would say if a strange man followed her home, passed the gate and continued on until she was over the brow of the hill. There she sat down on the protruding root of a tree. He accepted the invitation.

They spoke no words, nor was this absence felt. He kissed her, and Marya tingled with a new feeling. He kissed her again, and a third time. Marya became frightened, she broke away and dashed home. She closed the door behind her, bolted it, and leaned against it, breathless. Love, thought Marya, is sourwood honey, palely golden, and sweet to taste until you eat some bitter cells.

Stembridge mothers shook their heads when Bobby Critz fell a victim to Marya's charms. Bobby was a sensible, steady-going boy and Marya would be his ruination. These two roamed through the fields of broomsage, laughing much at little provocation. They sat on a footlog across Stem creek and dipped their bare brown feet into the clear water. Little fish swam around on tours of inspection, and quietly swam away. Marya enjoyed swinging high in grapevine swings. The rush of air as she descended and the sweep of wind through her hair gave her a feeling of exultation. Bobby preferred to lie on the ground, blinking his eyes at the bright sun. He never kissed her. His love was like the contents of someone else's box at a church party — rather meagre.

Marya became enamoured of Fred Pilson when she was at the impressionable age of sixteen. The mere mention of young Pilson's name caused the good old people of the village to shake their heads.

Old Pilson had been too fond of his beer mug, and his family had suffered. Their home was a run-down farm about three miles over on the westward road. Mrs. Pilson, wrapped about in her drab shawl, attended church regularly. Fred had been a good boy until his father died, but since then he had sowed no grain on the farm, nor had he fed the cattle or provided firewood. He spent the greater part of his time hanging-out around the blacksmith shop, pitching horse-shoes, drinking intermittently, and boasting of his wrestling prowess.

Marya decided she liked Fred when she heard Granny refer to him as a "drone." Thereafter, she welcomed his advances. He was an ardent lover, but even Marya tired of his sameness in a few short weeks. His sort of love was ice cream, sweet and satisfying at first, but, if allowed to stand, dissolving into a sticky syrup.

Marya frequently wandered about over the slightly rolling hills around Stembridge. She thought much of love. Granny had been kind to her in her own querulous way, but that was not love. Love was more than human kindness. Men had kissed her, but their kisses had no lasting value. Perhaps some people never had anyone to love them but themselves.

One day Marya had been lying under a tree thinking deep thoughts. Suddenly she arose and flung wide her arms. She danced. Her supple body swayed as leaves when blown by the south wind. There was freedom in her dance. She began to sing, a lilting song of love. Jake Olmstead stood and watched her in silent wonder. She was expressing things he had thought.

"You're a regular little fay," he ventured softly.

Marya stood transfixed for a moment. Slowly she turned around, a tragic expression on her face.

"A what?" she queried.

"A pretty little fairy. Don't you ever think about how much fun it would be to spread your wings and fly away like a butterfly? Don't you want to forget about work and just lie on your back and gaze up at the clouds? You were dancing like that just now."

"I was dancing about love."

"Love," he questioned softly, "do you know what love is?"

Marya shook her head.

"Then I'll tell you."

They sat down, and he talked.

After a quiet courtship lasting several months, they were married in the old-fashioned Lutheran way. Marya was too happy to notice that Granny seemed relieved. The old lady was pleased that her foundling should be marrying so well. There was no mortgage on the Olmstead farm and Jake's queer habits of chasing butterflies and talking aloud to the woods' creatures would probably vanish with family cares.

Marya, the bride, went to live in a small weatherbeaten house on the road which led south from Stembridge. There were chickens to feed and milk to churn, bare floors to sweep and food to cook. Also, there were flowers and butterflies, love and a good life.

Lighting the lamp one evening to put in the window to guide her husband's footsteps to the house, Marya looked at the blackened match, still smoking in her hand. Love was rather like that, she thought. It consumes itself, but lights a fire which may burn infinitely.



Eugene O'Neill

I read the lines he wrote. I saw them there,
Their real, their conscious souls unmasked, aware.
And suddenly my unscaled eyes could see
The divinity and earthliness of me.
I saw my naked nobleness made bare
Of ornamental phrases it would wear;
Myself that is myself to me revealed,
A form within an outer form concealed.
I felt the pliant clay within my hands,
Where before had sifted only running sands.

P. A. W.

The Rain from a Child's Viewpoint

Pessimistic:

It is raining, raining, raining.
I am a drop of rain,
And I fall
With the other drops
Heavily on the ground,
And no one notices
And no one cares.
I am a drop of rain.

Optimistic:

I am just a drop of rain—
I touch the ground
And sink into it
Deep—down deep.
And the roots are glad
They laugh and grow.
I am a drop of rain.

Mischievous:

I am a tiny droplet of rain.
I jump through the air,
And I beat
With other drops
Into people's faces,
And they frown—and hate the rain,
And I laugh and sting.
I am a drop of rain.

ROBERTA C. JOHNSON.

Editorials

THE new year would not be well started unless everyone made a few resolutions to break during the ensuing twelve months. Our resolution (we hope it will not be broken) is to keep trying to encourage those who have literary aspirations to write for the college magazine. If you write, or think you could write, why not resolve to write something for *Coraddi*?

KNOWING that only a relatively small number of students write for *Coraddi*, and believing that many students do not read the magazine in its entirety, we challenge student opinion upon this question: Would the college magazine be a more worthwhile and popular publication if it were published monthly? As a quarterly magazine there is much to be desired in number of contributions and in interest on the part of the students.

We believe that a monthly *Coraddi* would promote interest in the magazine. We believe that more frequent publication would lengthen our list of contributors. We think that a college as large as the North Carolina College should contain enough literary talent to support a monthly magazine. We should like, next year, to see *Coraddi* a monthly publication.

There Are Without My Window

There are without my window
Two great tall trees
That bend and sway at every
Provocation of the breeze.

One tree is green and one
Is brown and dead.
Dead tree, a better picture
If you bowed your head.

So near, your raucous rattles
Of destiny
Discord the swaying singing
Of that verdant tree.

C. HARRIS.



You say you'd like to know me;
You're always asking why
I seemingly evade you
Most all the time — and I,

I'd really like to know you,
To have you know me, so
I wish you'd kindly tell me
Which me you want to know.

ROBERTA CARSON JOHNSON.

Sketches of Childhood

By LEORA WALKER, '33

THE MOON is rising. The night is clear and cold. What is there about a full moon that makes one remember childhood? It may be the resemblance of the man-in-the-moon to Old King Cole. The moon creeps slowly up the sky. I wonder if there are little children in the moon? I wonder if they play and sing and worry their mothers? The moon swings into full view above the tree tops. I am caught in the paths of its light, and I am a little girl again with a short dress, blue socks and a blue hair ribbon.

* * * * *

Winona and I knelt at mother's knee. It was an hour past our bedtime. I was so tired and sleepy that I would not keep my eyes open. I asked mother to let Winona say my prayer for me. She was the oldest and not half so sleepy as I. Mother would not let her do it. She said God would not like it. I knew He would not mind just once. Pleading did no good. I was forced to say my prayer, but I certainly did not have to ask God to bless mother.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.
God bless Dad and Dorothy and Aunt Betsie.
And make me a good girl
For Christ's sake — Amen."

I crawled into bed, but could not sleep. I wondered if the bad man would get me for not asking God to bless mother. The room was dark and I was scared. I pulled the sheet up over my head, but found no relief. Tears squeezed out from my tightly closed eyelids. Suppose I should die before morning. I could not stand it another moment. I jumped out of bed and ran to mother. She let me say the whole prayer over, and when I finished she kissed me. The darkness was not so cruel when I went back to bed. The sandman tipped into the room and all was well.

* * * * *

"Aunt Betsie, may I have just a tiny piece of dough to make a little biscuit?"

Aunt Betsie continued to roll out the bread and paid no attention to me. I asked again, and raised my voice very high. At last I resorted to pulling her apron strings and hugging her fat hips.

"Lawsy, honey, can't you see I'm busy? You'se don made me roll de bread too thin."

She continued to mumble and grumble under her breath. Nevertheless she gave me a tiny piece of dough. I balled it up in my hands. For some strange reason it began to look chocolate-colored. I found a top of a baking powder can on the shelf and placed my biscuit in it. Aunt Betsie put it in the stove for me and I proceeded to wait. I was sure that many hours passed before she took it out and handed it to me. It was a most wonderful biscuit. I ran out to the back porch steps and sat down. The sunshine was warm and made me sleepy. My little kitten curled up beside me and purred her delight. Everything was so quiet, and warm and peaceful that I can not remember whether I ate my biscuit or not.

* * * * *

Every Sunday afternoon brought a long walk in the country with Dad. One walk was more delightful than usual because it was late autumn. The world seemed very beautiful. Dad told me about things as we walked along. The maple is a delicate lady; therefore she wears very beautiful colors. The sugar maple is rather shy and blushes when Jack Frost comes by. I wondered why the oak was so late in changing her color. Dad said that she was very large and needed many days to change her dress. The pines and cedars are men. They do not wear gay colors, but stand by and admire the ladies.

We walked across a small stream. Before us was a steep hill wooded with walnut trees. Under one large tree we found hundreds of nuts. We filled our pockets and handkerchiefs. When we cracked some, we found that they were not good. Dad said that they would have to dry out for several weeks. We saw a frisky little bunny and a bushy-tail squirrel on the way home. I wish all little children in the world could go walking with their dads on Sunday afternoon.

Thoughts

Elusive thoughts besiege my mind
And plead for full expression,
Vague poesies, philosophy,
Pass by in swift progression.
They dance about like nymphs at play
And call to me to catch them;
Like will-o'-wisp they fade away,
Whene'er I try to snatch them.

Words, vagrant words! Come clothe my thoughts;
Come give them form and features;
Let Truth and Beauty, Wit and Love
With knowledge be your teachers.
Come change these dancing shadowy wraiths
Into vital, living creatures!

ROBERTA HAYES.



To M——

You smile at me and, smiling, call me child,
When I sing soft for you my pagan song;
But deep within your heart, you, too, must long
To live my dreams here in the forest wild.
O come! No woodland spirit has beguiled
Me. Wait! Perchance this tiny verdant throng
Which I call moss does truly call me wrong,
And fairies robed in green I have defiled.
An artist tree is that bewitching fire
That tints the pungent pine cones. What sweet dream
Thrills every shabby birch! And what desire
Throbs wildly underneath the placid stream!
O come with me! I care not if you smile,
If you will sing my pagan song awhile!

ANONYMOUS.

The Allurement of Words

By FRANCES GAUT, '32

SINCE I was old enough to read laboriously, "The cat chased the rat" and "Dan has an apple", words have held a lively fascination for me. And I must admit that the longer the word the better I liked it. My older brother often poked fun at my use of "six-cylinder" words, as he termed them; but, as frequently happens, opposition only whetted my appetite for a bigger and better vocabulary.

So, in spite of rather marked discouragement, I often ventured to expose my polysyllabic treasures to the critical ears of the family. They accepted "tergiversation" without visible distress; but when I accused my little brother (who had a most annoying habit of winking) of having ticdouloureux, it required all my mother's power of arbitration to keep the peace. And after that, although I had a secret adoration for "librocubicularist", I lacked the temerity to voice it.

Even though my passion for big words left domestic upheaval in its wake, I continued to collect them from all sources. I was completely charmed with an old farmer, who, when I asked him if he were building a fence said, "I am identifying the fence with the tree so as to prevent the digressing of the cattle on the adjacent field." And I once fell desperately in love with a certain young man because upon my inquiring about his state of health, he would invariably doff his hat, bow, and remark, "I always endeavor to comport myself in a manner well-calculated to be considered sober, sane and meritorius."

As time has proceeded, however, I have come to appreciate words for their connotation as well as for their length. Such words as lapis-lazuli, caliph, galleon, Buddha, Alhambra, azure, and dungeon bring a multitude of pictures to my mind and refresh my imagination. Who can hear the word *caliph* without thinking of that wily, but delightful Harun-al-Rashid and his ingenious escapades in the *Arabian Nights*? And, on the other hand, the mystic fascination which hangs over a silent, inscrutable image of Buddha gives the word itself a sense-drugging power. Likewise, the word *Alhambra* brings with it visions of ancient Moorish beauty languishing in that romantic

castle. Azure—lapis-lazuli—the sound alone of these words fills one's mind with intangible, but vaguely pleasant things — visions of fairy grottoes; fragmentary lines about "azure skies"; and oriental maidens adorned with jewels of lapis-lazuli.

To descend from the fantastic to the practical, I find as much pleasure in the acquisition of new words as in ideas suggested by familiar ones. Some of the latest words to be welcomed to the fold of my vocabulary are *rubious* (though rare), *cacophony*, *tyro*, *mordacity*, and *exodust*. *Exodust* has not, I fear, been accepted by national or reputable usage. But it *is* present; at least in a story by Octavus Roy Cohen in which the hero (dark) makes his "exodust," or, translated more literally, "his exit in a cloud of dust."



Treasure

When I shall wake no more to see
The spring sun shining down on me,
Nor ever pause to hear again
The quiet music of spring rain,
Nor honey bees go singing through
The morning gardens drenched with dew
To blossom-clustered orchard trees,
Shall I remember all of these?

I cannot know; but if it be
That I may bear away with me
Some single harbored loveliness
Into that coming consciousness,
From all my beauty-brimming store
God grant me this, if nothing more—
A lingering vision of your face
To keep, in that far time and place.

JEAN LOUISE HEWITT.

Entreaty

Of love and beauty great songs have been sung,
Of chastity and faith and fortitude,
Oh Life! from my small heart may there be wrung
One throbbing, soaring note of gratitude.

NANCY TAYLOR, '30.



Old Year

With stately tread and slow the Old Year passes;
She is a beautiful woman,
Head held high and eyes undimmed
In one grand gesture of farewell.

Another of Bluebeard's wives gone to the secret room
Where the dead yesterdays hang along the walls,
Pinned by their hair
(They never last but a twelve-month).
The Old Year is dead;
Her laugh was gold like the sound of bells,
But she was too wise.

Someone should see to this Bluebeard Time,
Who takes the years
So carelessly.

ARLINE FONVILLE, '33.

Book Reviews

An Echo of Uncle Remus

THE TREE NAMED JOHN. By John B. Sale. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1929. \$2.00.

Superstition, devotion of plantation servants to their whites, negro folklore, childhood naivete, and wholesome realism are delightfully tempered in Mr. Sale's small volume. And when, with the author, the reader wanders through his boyhood, he tastes anew juvenile bitters and sweets, spicy tales of how "Brer Mole swapped his eyes fer Brer Frawg's tail," and the seasoned pathos of an aging colored mammy. And withal he feels that the blend is genuine: there was, surely, a child named John who grew up on a Mississippi plantation some thirty years ago, who had a name-tree, who was cherished by Aunt Betsey, who learned to drawl and elide his letters as did "dem nigger chillun," and who believed implicitly in Uncle Alford's explanation of "why some folks is black en some is white." Because he did sit on a sandy bank and fish and feel the insistent invitation of cool water on a summer's afternoon, Mr. Sale has something to say. It is excellent, too, that he has chosen to say it simply. Such sketches, told as by a youth, need only be true and be in their natural dialect. In all the South, and beyond I dare say, they will strike responsive chords of sympathy.

The difficult thing, indeed, to understand is how the author ever mustered the courage to have this book published. It is almost devoid of description (yet it *is* picturesque); there is no attempt at literatesque style (but it does turn out to be real literature); it has neither the romantic glamour of old slave days nor the shouting sordidness or the present writings about the negro. The glutton who feeds on inter-racial friction and degradation finds no sauce here. Strangely John B. Sale did dare to give the public something sincere and stable. And on that worth will *The Tree Named John* stand.

In an every day pose has he caught the folk with whom he was "raised." Marse John is his uncle who addresses him as "Suh". Sis Nervy is a cronie of Aunt Betsey's, who, according to the latter personage, is a fellow member of "de I John Baptist' Chu'ch en one uv my

sisters in Chris'." Henry Po'ter, his pal, supplies not only supreme devotion but also new schemes for making chickens fight (namely, gun powder in their craws) and sanctimonious funeral texts that, taken from almanacs, send po' lil' chickens to hell, which is "fer sinners, en ef you once git in you cain' *nevuh* git out." Other characters complete the picture, but Aunt Betsey and John are the ones who carry the thread of unity from one green back to the other. The care of the old negro for the child down to the very last—when she says, "Ah wants t' go home en res' . . . Am's tiah'd" and dies—is the basis for the title superstition. Because of an ancient folk belief, Aunt Betsey names a tree for John at his birth. "Dis tree," she says near the end of the book, "hit's a good sign, ain't it? Fer a while hit look lak hit uz gwi grow straight up en not spread none. Ah didn't lak dat, 'cas'se a name-tree ought t' spread out en give a good shade en he'p you. Dat's whut dis'n doin' now, en dat boy gwi be jes' lak it, thank Gawd fer dat." Sincere and reverent gratefulness is there.

The mellow charm of the whole is enhanced by the quaint silhouettes with which Joseph Cranston Jones has illustrated that simple life.

Yet however simple it be, all elements of human feelings are here. Here is humor, when the cook whose "grandaddy's daddy was a Affiken kang" makes glum Uncle Alford coax her for "dat lil' piece uv tater pie." There is pathos in the telling of the child's death. "'He didn' know me, Honey, he *didn't* know me!'" Aunt Betsey swallowed back a sob and pulled John up to her—tight. 'En den,' she went on, 'he died. Ah jes set dar en hilt im, Ah did, 'ntwel 'way atter sunrise, en Ah couldn't cry ner nothin', but Ah jes hilt 'im en ache.'" And then there is the child's gullibility that causes the boy to swallow a saw fish bladder and with his own teeth, to behead a butterfly. What is more impressive still is the simple philosophy propounded in such statements as these:

"'Dyin' cain' be bad, Honey, kin it, ef you kin smile lak dat?'" ; and

"'Dar's a heap a sor'rs in dis worl', Baby, en dar is few dat tears won' wash away . . .'" ;—or

“Dat’s jes whut spe’ence is—l’arning by tas’in,. Mos’ uv de bitterness en sor’r in dis hyere life ’ud pass us by ef us let it. But naw—all of us got to have a tas’e.’”

One tas’e of *The Tree Named John* is an appetizer. You will want to spe’ence it all—tater bugs, fishin’, haid-rags, de ooman mo’ner, and all.

JEAN HARVEY.



AGAINST THE WALL. By Kathleen Millay. New York: MacAuley Co. 1929. \$2.50.

In her avowed effort “to raise hell with women’s colleges”, Miss Millay achieves her purpose admirably—in particular if not in general. In *Against the Wall* the reader is conscious of the continuous grind, the red tape, the uninspiring classes, the stupid instructors and administrators, the overtaxed nerves, and the tired body. Through it all Rebecca struggles—exhausted physically, tortured mentally. Rebecca is not the average college girl; she worked—many of them do not; she thought, or tried to—many of them do not.

The relationship of the girls to one another is a true picture. The student-faculty contrasts seem exaggerated. There are good and bad faculty members—even faculty members who should be in zoos. But it seems unnatural that one student should have had such a staggering weight on the side of the undesirable instructor. Money, or the lack of it, does not make such a great difference in student attitudes as Miss Millay represents. Perhaps, in an old society school like Matthew, but not in the majority of women’s colleges.

In spite of the school which turns out standardized, well labeled, “Once a Matthew’s Girl, always a Matthew’s Girl” products, Rebecca remains an individual. She remains an individual with a priceless sense of humor. But one wonders if she would have left school had not Harrison, the young millionaire, been waiting to be whistled for? One wonders.

The author’s style is graphic, bald, and at times monotonous. It is excellently suited to the atmosphere which Miss Millay creates. It is an atmosphere of disillusionment—disillusionment caused by a women’s college. The book is striking and well worth reading.

BETTY GAUT.

THE METHODIST FAUN. By Anne Parrish. New York: Harper & Bros.
334 pages. \$2.50.

The Methodist Faun, by Anne Parrish, has as its setting the usual small town with its pettiness, unimaginativeness, and dutiful regard for established conventions. And the people of such a community are, of course, shocked when Clifford Hunter suggests that he don a bear skin and dance as a faun in a church entertainment. *The Methodist Faun* — a name Clifford unwittingly earns for himself — fits ill into such surroundings. His romantic fancies and the broader range of his mentality which, in spite of his sense of inferiority occasionally manifests itself, do not render him any happier in a narrow and restricted environment.

The rather depressing atmosphere of the book, however, is lightened by unusually vivid and delightful descriptions of the woods. One feels that the author has an appreciation of "nature" approaching the poetical. The wood's, too, bring out what is most admirable in the hero's character. There he loses much of his conceit and self-consciousness; there he becomes natural and lovable; and there he seems to belong as entirely as the faun from which he received his unhappy sobriquet.

The other characters of the book are skillfully drawn so as to accentuate the sensitive and unique personality of Clifford. His mother is an obtuse, though well-meaning, woman who understands her son not at all. Mr. Hunter is a kind, silent man whose chief merit lies in letting other people alone. Martha Simpson, however, brings the climax of tragedy into Clifford's life. She marries him, well aware that he does not love her, and through her incessant talking, extreme virtuousness, and smug Methodism, succeeds in making him thoroughly miserable.

This recent book of Miss Parrish's probably does not measure up to some of her previous works. It has, for example, only two strong portraits — those of Clifford and Martha — in comparison to the many excellent ones in *The Perennial Bachelor*. Satirical humor, of which an abundance is found in *All-Kneeling*, is not so well employed in *The Methodist Faun*.

Nevertheless, the book is well worth reading — if for nothing but (and it has much else to recommend it) the pictures of almost excessive beauty which the author gives of the woods.

FRANCES GAUT.

